

Affection

When the pressure is the greatest
the accuracy of the firing squad
is enviable. These men are after
a prey

The monk looks forward to the book
to the first letter which is to him
liberation into the abstraction of
love

How carefully the plane flies
on the wood. The cabinet is life
to its maker

Jobs are done correctly
until the night strikes
all affection from our eyes.

Oaxaca

Areas of responsive silences
variations of clay idols
kneeling by the pyramids

On sacrificial birds
woven into the jungle
eyes now gutted by rain

In the dimness often
these clay objects
contain motion

Cracks have let the water in
the dies have altered
shapes and even the brain
in

Now/the steps of lost gods
the grass tightens its grip.
It will break the pyramid.

— Serge Gavronsky

New York, New York